



1904



ST ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW.



ΑΝΔΡΙΖΕΣΘΕ

ΚΡΑΤΑΙΟΥΣΘΕ



Easter Number

PAGE

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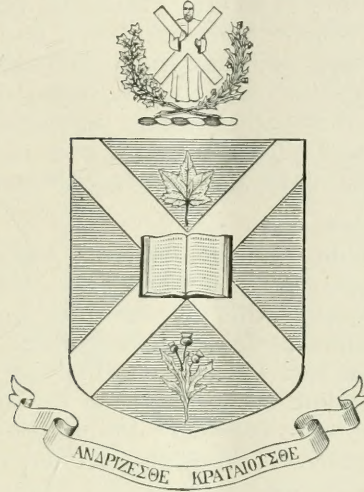
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The St. Andrew's College Review



EASTER, 1904.

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MANAGER,—SALE
ASST. MANAGER,—DOUGLAS

Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER

Editorials.

The Past Term. "Happy is the country which has no history." As a rule the school is prosperous which pursues the even tenor of its way undisturbed by many incidents worthy of record. Such has been our lot during the past term. We have "done our work, and held our peace." The boys have worked well, and the masters have been as good as usual. The detention room has not been wholly empty, nor the cheerful swish of the cane entirely unheard in the land. But all in all this has been a good term; a term of work well done, of discipline well-maintained, of mutual self-respect undisturbed. So may it ever be!

Hockey. This year the Athletic Association took the bold step of not entering a team in the O.H.A.

Though this has deprived our excellent First Team of a good chance of distinguishing itself, and though the term has not had the zest which a winning team alone can give, we heartily congratulate the College on the step. Some of us remember our experience last year; others know the fate of other schools in years gone by. Unhealthy excitement, an exaggerated belief in the importance of winning, study hopelessly disorganized, no match without its crop of boys in bed next day with wounds, bruises and sores, and not infrequently the physique of more than one boy permanently strained. Such are some of the results of league hockey in boarding schools.

The provision made for taking the place of the League was, however, inadequate. At all costs the outside rink should have been kept in far better condition than it was, and a schedule of matches arranged between teams from the various houses and forms. Such a schedule, drawn up and enforced by the Athletic Association, would have done much to enliven the work of the dullest of the three school terms.

Inter-School Athletics. But though entrance into a league—especially a league whose performances are extensively reported in the daily papers—tends to promote

undue keenness, no such objection can be offered to systematizing the relations at present existing in athletics between S.A.C., T.C.S., B.R.C., and U.C.C. At present each plays the other, and elaborately calculates its position at the end of the season. But both in Football and in Cricket, each season witnesses annoying delays in the fixing of dates, and sometimes not a little discussion as to the order of merit. There is no need to organize the four teams into a league with any special name, but

at the beginning of each season a schedule committee should be appointed to arrange dates and to determine on what system the standing of the four teams at the end of the season should be computed. This would in no way promote any greater keenness than at present exists, but would greatly systematise the present relations, and put an end to not a little confusion.

Cricket.

The REVIEW ventures to think that more can be made of Cricket this year than was done in the past. More encouragement should be given to the formation of clubs in the different houses, and among the day boys. Last year the Third House organized such a team, with the best results upon the health and upon the morals of the House. Last year we had five nets set up upon the grounds, and this year it is expected that seven will be available. Two will be under the charge of the professional, and reserved for the candidates for the First and Second Teams. The others should be given to the care of the Main, Second, Third and Junior Houses, and the day boys. Each of these divisions should have a master as President, who should devote as much of his time as he can spare to coaching the boys at the net. The use of each net should be absolutely confined to the members of the club to which it has been allotted. The organization of such clubs and the allotment of nets should be the first business of the Athletic Association at the commencement of the summer term.

Mr. Beddow's New Appointment.

Mr. F. S. Beddow, whose enthusiasm and hard work have so largely contributed, during the past two seasons, to bring our style at Cricket to a pitch of excellence rarely attained at so young a school, leaves us early in June to take a position on the staff of the Marylebone Cricket Club, known the world over as the M. C. C. We heartily congratulate him on this recognition of his ability as a coach by the foremost cricket club in the world. We wish him every success, and hope to see him again with us in the Autumn, full of triumphs and of stories of his summer in England.

Track Athletics.

We would like to see more reciprocity between the four schools in the department of track athletics. Here keenness of rivalry can only increase efficiency without bringing any of the disadvantages caused by excess of ardour in the rougher sports. To arrange a great inter-school Meet, at which the champions of preliminary games, held at the local centres, could take part, would perhaps be impracticable on grounds of expense, and of the disorganiza-

tion which it would cause in the more serious work of the term. But even if we retain our present individual Meets, certain events should be thrown open, and delegates invited to compete from the other schools. The more we get to know each other, the better we shall like each other ; the better we like each other the more fit we shall be to work harmoniously, both in school and in the world.

The Old Boys' Association.

With this number we begin a new department, under the control of the newly-formed Old Boys' Association, of which it is hoped that THE REVIEW will be made the official organ. With the object and aims of the Association THE REVIEW has the fullest sympathy. The fervent attachment of its Old Boys, their loyalty and self-sacrifice, are among the greatest possessions which a school can win. Our "Old Boys" are as yet young in years, but "the heinous crime of being a young man" is one which Father Time blots out all too soon. We hope that the ardent devotion of youth will not pass away, but will gradually tone down into the steady glow of manhood and old age.

Our Contents.

The article on "A Day in My Life at S.A.C." is a continuation of the series begun last term, and will be continued in our summer issue. The three articles on The Rosedale Ravine, The Return Voyage, and Street Car Advertisements, were not written specially for THE REVIEW, but are re-published as samples of the monthly compositions handed in to the English masters in their various forms. A feature of this work at S.A.C., which we have never seen equalled at any other school, is the care which the boys bestow upon the appearance of the work handed in. Not only is the writing, spelling, and punctuation, as a rule, excellent, but in many cases carefully selected photographs are worked into the thread of the story, and artistically designed and colored covers and frontispieces are employed. One of the three which we reprint was illustrated by a series of thumb-nail sketches, done by the author, and another was accompanied by a set of photographs and illustrations, evidently collected and mounted with great care. This admirable feature of the composition class cannot be reproduced in our pages, but we give one composition from each of the three senior forms to show the average level of literary excellence reached.

We repeat the advice given in our last number to our subscribers, to patronize our advertisers. This is a duty on the part of boys and masters alike, and while some fulfil it, others to a very great extent neglect it. Without the income received from advertisements we cannot give you a good REVIEW, and we cannot keep our advertisers unless our subscribers patronize them.

Athletics.

Hockey, 1903-'04.

The winter of 1903-'04, viewed from a hockey standpoint, has come very near the ideal, the weather-man having certainly done his part and given us every opportunity to play good fast hockey; and the season has therefore been a very successful one.

The teams got down to work early in December and the necessary arrangements were made with the Mutual Street Rink for practice hours, and everything was in running order before the school broke up for the Christmas holidays.

It had been decided not to enter a team in the O.H.A. this year, and perhaps the boys were not so enthusiastic over the game on this account. However, when the school got together again after Christmas, work commenced in earnest. Sale had been elected captain of the "Firsts," with Ferguson as manager, and games were subsequently arranged with the different teams in the city.

The first match was played against Varsity III. and was won by College with a score of 4—3.

In the return game with Varsity St. Andrews was again successful in defeating their opponents by 7—2.

The third game was played against McMaster University in which College was defeated 4—7.

A game was then arranged with Woodstock College, the St. Andrew's Seven going to Woodstock and winning by a margin of six points, the score being 7—1.

The Old Simcoes then sent a challenge, which was accepted, the Simcoes winning by the small score of 3—4.

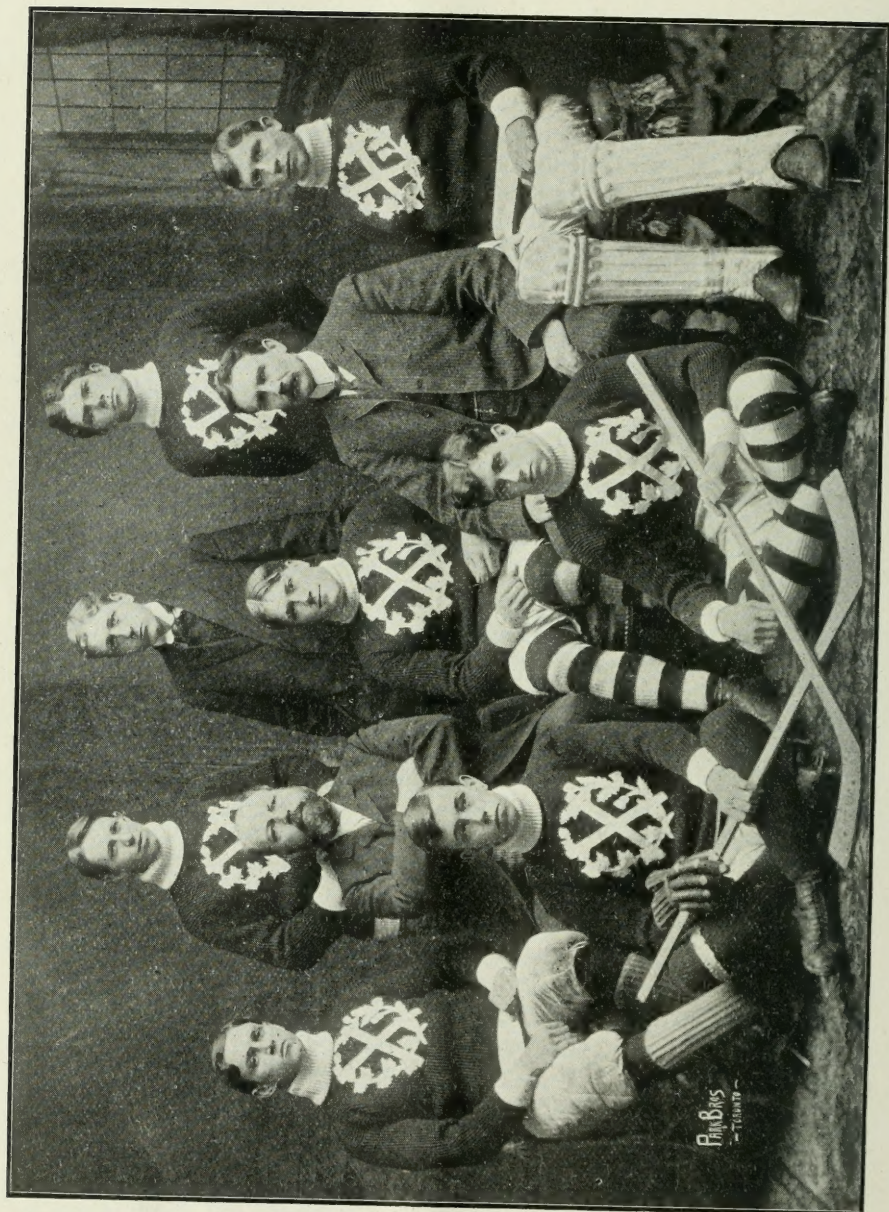
In the return match McMaster was again successful in defeating College by two goals, the score being 8—10.

In addition to the above, challenges were sent to the other colleges, namely :—Ridley, Port Hope and Upper Canada, but for some reason or other these challenges were not accepted, and there were therefore no games played with the other schools.

The Old Boys next challenged and a date was fixed for the game, which, however, had to be postponed on account of the weather; on the next day set the ice was no better than on the first, and as the season was pretty well advanced and there was no prospect for hard ice the game was called off, much to everyone's disappointment, as it had been looked forward to with great interest.

The First Team was composed as follows :—Goal, Keith; Point, Douglas; Cover-point, Alison; Forwards, Sale (Capt.), Crossen, Meikle and Cotton.

H.F.H.



S.A.C. SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM, 1903-4.

The Personnel of the Team.

N. Keith, (goal). Second season for First team, turned out regularly to practice, played well in matches, especially against McMaster.

A. M. Douglas, (point), of last year's Second team. A good lift, and a hard check, but inclined to rush too much with the puck.

B. Alison, (cover point). An old Waverley man. A hard shot and an effective rusher, but weak in checking, inclined to go for the puck and leave the man.

J. Crossen, (centre forward), of Cobourg Juniors. A clever stick handler and speedy skater. Played well at the first of the season, but owing to poor condition was not able to do himself justice.

J. D. Cotton, (rover), of last year's Second team. Turned out to be one of the fastest and most accurate shots on the forward line. Played a cool and heady game throughout, always up with the puck, owing to his splendid condition.

R. Meikle, (left board). First year at the College. A good rusher, and a hard worker, but weak in shooting. Although greatly handicapped by being shifted to centre against Woodstock, played the fastest game on the line, and with a little more experience will make a fast forward.

Julian Sale (right board). An old color, being third season for First team. Captained the team throughout the season with the best of judgment. Fastest and hardest working forward on the line, scoring continually with his hard shots.

D. S. McLaren, (spare goal). Played a cool and hard game (in absence of Keith against Woodstock College).

P. D. Spohn (spare forward). Worked hard and used his weight well in game against Woodstock, but was unable to keep pace in fast combination plays.

The Trip.

On February the 6th, a misty, mean, damp, sloppy morn of 1904, wakened at the early hour of six a.m. by a loud clanking of a miserably small clock, each member of our "First Seven" slowly and reluctantly rose from his cosy bed, lighted the gas, and then proceeded to make a hurried toilet and be down on time for breakfast at seven o'clock.

As usual our hard-working manager, Willie Walter, was roaring about the house, yelling at the fellows to get up; get everything necessary packed, and go down to breakfast at once.

As near to the appointed time as is possible to gather such well known men together, we were all seated at a very pleasant morning meal. Never were such a small number of boarders waited upon so quickly and earnestly by our graceful, half-



S.A.C. SECOND HOCKEY TEAM, 1903 04.

awake domestics ; even Eliza was very enthusiastic, as she very ably wished us luck in our game.

Everybody was ready for the Yonge car at 7.40, and very little time elapsed before we reached the Union Station, finding, on our arrival, Captain Sale and Alison awaiting us. Following Manager Ferguson, who possessed all our tickets, up to the door-keeper, we were informed that our train was fifteen minutes late, track No. 2. Descending the stairs we found part of our train already there. All clambered into the hot, stuffy, dismal car, claimed a number of seats by placing our "grips" upon them, and then returned to healthier air and excitement beside the train.

At 8.15 the Grand Trunk train, with a fine, powerful mogul engine, straining every bolt and piston, (for let us remember he tracks were covered with ice), pulled slowly away for Hamilton. Little or no excitement prevailed on our way to Hamilton, lest perchance it was when as we were passing slowly over Humber River bridge, Bertie Alison earnestly showed a

few of us the well-known delightful bends and cosy, shadowed nooks frequented by those who on warm Saturday afternoons sought the cool zephyrs which waft over the Humber, by lazily floating along in a canoe. Yet one could not help noticing the bright, joyful, honest-looking countenances of our fellows, as we passed swiftly through the numerous farms which line the route to the Ambitious City. Was it a picture representing "something from the home-land," and the thoughts of their boyhood days on the farm?

Changing our trains at Hamilton for Woodstock, we landed in the midst of the "Hoity Toity" Theatre Company on the road to Guelph. Naturally we were all timid about entering the same car, but Jimmie Forgie, mascot, volunteered to take the lead. As the seats were all occupied and the standing-room in the car was limited, some of the tired, yet beautiful fair ones were compelled to remove from some of the seats their feet, wraps, and in many cases their little fox-terrier dogs which were uncomfortably seated in baskets, veils and even in coats. The most daring of our number, Bertie, Grimes, and Mr. B——, occupied the aforesaid seats, while the remainder of us sought small comfort lounging on the arms of seats or on the platforms.

When Harrisburg was reached a sad calamity occurred,—the whole troupe detrained. Smiles, sly winks and a waving of hands was the send-off we got, some of the feminine sex even standing on the tracks to get a last glimpse of the vanishing train which quickly lengthened the distance between us and them.

Paris was reached, and again we were compelled to change trains. The short interval was spent in viewing the grandeur of the low-lying country encircled by rough-looking hills, enclosing a smoky little town composed of the large woollen mills of Penman & Co., a few scattered churches looming up like giant spears in the bright sun which shone triumphantly over half of the local town, while the remainder was left in a misty blue haze, showing the true nature of the day. There was nothing particularly striking about this small town, the houses were of ordinary size and afforded a lonely impression from the station.

The seats were more plentiful in our next train, and the time seemed to fly until we reached our destination, where several of the Woodstock fellows were waiting for us. After trudging along in the wet and slush for nearly a mile, we reached the College.

The more amiable boys invited us to their rooms, where we made ready for dinner. The dining hall is a large, high, bright, airy room, containing some twelve or fourteen tables,

Each table seats eight boys, and is supervised by a senior boy, who serves the vegetables and avoids the jamming of dishes at his end by those who wish second helpings.

The repast over we were allowed half an hour to look around, get our hockey togs on, and be ready for the bus at 1.30. At the appointed time all the members of the opposing teams were packed into the big sleigh, and after a rough, swerving, chilly drive we reached the Woodstock town rink. This rink is not unlike the Mutual Street Rink in shape, but is considerably smaller, and on this particular day, unfortunately for us, it contained a sheet of very soft, heavy-going ice.

The game was not a brilliant exhibition of fast hockey, although at times it showed the great ambition of both the rival Colleges to obtain the supremacy by their following up and lightning rushes. Up and down raced the forwards—slash—bang—the defence met the onslaught, a lull probably only during the flight of the puck, whilst it was lifted well down the rink, then the clank, clank of skates following it up. This went on for twenty-five minutes, with here and there an off-side, yet neither team had scored. The soft, heavy ice was playing out our wearers of "crimson and white," their rushes became weaker, while their opponents seemed to gain force, and a better combination developed which resulted in the first score of the the game from a neat side shot. Fortunately only a few minutes more remained to play in the first half, so with the score 1—0, in the home team's favor, the crowd cheering madly, the longed-for rest of ten minutes arrived.

The rest, and the cheering, bracing words with here and there advice from our sturdy captain, "Dub," soon put renewed life and spirits into the whole team. With a visible expression of the do or die determination to win the team went into the game. Five minutes' play had barely elapsed until the goal-judge's hand was raised, signifying a goal for S.A.C., score 1—1. Then following in quick succession the puck was shot, slapped and rushed into the Woodstock nets five times making it look more hopeful for the visitors as the score now was 6—1. At this period the Saints were playing in their true form, having, as it were, forgotten the heavy slush gathered upon their skates, and time and time again was the Woodstock defence moved to do some hard work. The large crowd cheered less, perhaps only when our rushes were broken or to applaud our "Reddy" MacLaren for his brilliant stops. Our manager too was a favorite, and when with a beaming, delighted expression on his face he strode out on the ice during an interval caused by a slight accident, and informed his boys that only a few more

minutes remained of actual play, he was generously applauded by the "gentler sex."

Now followed scattered individual rushes, and the first offender to decorate the boards was our captain who had been playing from the beginning of the second half with a broken skate. He was penalized for another's offence of tripping, but only for a minute. Try as they would, and indeed at times it looked as if they would find our "nets," Woodstock could not score; the combined work of Alison, Douglas and MacLaren broke everything up and relieved our played-out forwards.

One last and hopeful effort on our part to add another to our good score happened by a mix up in front of goal wherein the poor goal-keeper was lifted on top of his moveable nets against the wire netting in front of goal—judge Beddow, who, with a happy smile, betokened another goal for St. Andrews, score 7—1. Closely following the last goal the jolly old gong rang out, and with hearty cheers for Woodstock College, the "defenders of St. Andrew's name and fame" left the ice and returned to the College to dress.

Another long tiresome walk after dressing brought us to the Oxford Hotel, registering for our evening meal. After a tour of the town, including several afternoon teas, a little shopping and a short walk in water inches deep, we returned and partook of a hearty meal, at which Mac, who was exceedingly well pleased over our victory, kept saying "he didn't mean to up-set the glass of milk all over the table-cloth," while P. D. raised a discussion with the waitress as to how much she would bring him. I may say that Philip ordered everything on the menu, which shocked the inmates of the dining-room.

The walk down to the station afforded a great deal of humor for some of us. Once again P. D. is the cause of laughter; he evidently dreamt it was his bath-night for he slipped into a small pond and there wallowed; while later on as we were crossing the bridge which arched over the tracks, he, with two assistants, very ably acted the touching scene in the play of "On the Bridge at Midnight." Another of our jovial party accidentally broke the baggage-room window at Woodstock station, but showed his happy spirit by presenting the baggage-man, who threatened to telephone for police assistance, with a dollar, and invited him to say no more.

The Intercolonial Express arrived an hour and a quarter late, but regained her fast reputation by making the run in three hours flat. Never did a train convey a prouder, happier bunch of singing, joking college boys than did that Express of February 6th. The remainder of the trip down was spent in singing

and in amusing the happy bride and groom who were sitting a few seats behind, conversing, let us imagine, on the victorious College Seven of S.A.C. Arriving at the Union Station about 11.10 we gave a hearty "Hoot-Man-Hoot," etc., and then wended our way homeward, having enjoyed our day's sport and our short stay in Woodstock.

J. D. COTTON.

Second Team.

The Second Team did not figure very frequently this year, as they only played one match during the season, but nevertheless turned out to practice very regularly and gave the "Firsts" some good hard games. The only match played was against the "Vikings" and resulted in a victory for St. Andrew's by a score of 3—1. The line-up was as follows:—Goal, McLaren (manager); Point, Flemming; Cover-point, Gooderham; Forwards, Bronson, Heintzman (Capt.), Spohn and Wallace.

H.F.H.

Third Team.

The Third Hockey Team of 1903-4 has had a very successful season playing three matches and winning two.

The first against the Second "Vikings" resulted in a victory for St. Andrews by a score of 5—1. In the return match we were again victorious by a score of 2—1. At full time the score stood one all, and after playing off for 20 minutes Bronson scored the deciding game by a neat side shot.

The last match was played with the Third House, which the House team won by a score of 3—0. The team was much weakened by the loss of Monk, Gayfer and Allan I., who played for the winners.

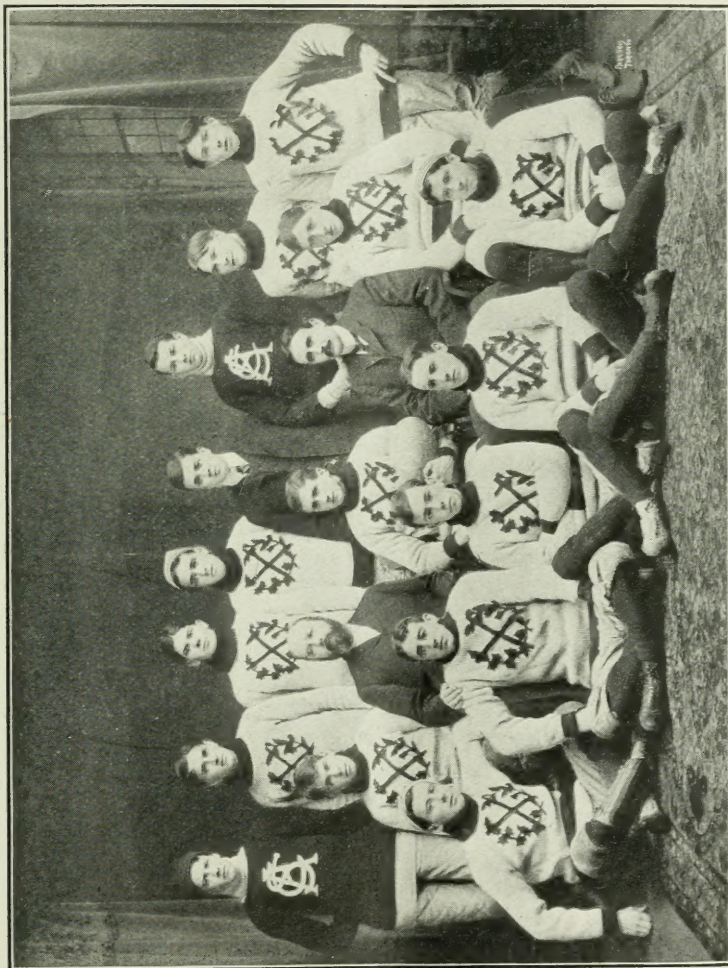
Matches were arranged with the Beavers and Mic Mac's but were not played on account of the weather. The line-up was as follows:—Goal, Thompson; Point, Allan I. (Capt.); Cover-point, Warden; Forwards, Bronson (Du Vernet), Monk, Gayfer, Angus II.

H.W.A.

Junior House Team.

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Game, St. Andrews | 3. MacIntosh Team 0. |
| 2. " " | 19. Toronto Church School 5. |
| 3. " " | 14. Bell's Team 0. |
| 4. " " | 6. Toronto Church School 2. |
| 5. " " | 3. Bell's Team 1. |

Goal, Monro; Point, Gooderham II.; Cover-point, Tuckett (Capt.); Rover, Donald (Manager); Centre, Swan; Right Wing, Forge; Left Wing, Winans.



S.A.C. SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM, 1903.

The Prospects in Cricket.

We have all been whistling, singing or wishing for the "Good old Summer Time" so that we can get out and enjoy ourselves at that grand old game, cricket. As long as this wintry weather holds out we can only talk in a reminiscent way of old incidents and matches. At this time last year we were out on the board wicket practising Mr. Beddow's "off cut" and "leg break," but it will be well on to the middle of April before we shall have that pleasure again, and then, we will be off like a lot of colts, as the boys are all keen and enthusiastic over the game.

Last year we had a steady eleven with plenty of style and energy, but which was unable to hit up a score. A little more confidence and experience will remedy this weakness.

The outlook for a winning team is bright. Nine of last year's players are back and several of last year's Second team. The boys are all bigger and stronger, and Mr. Beddow is still with us. With this material, good bowling and fielding is assured, and surely a few good hard and "nervy" hitters can be developed.

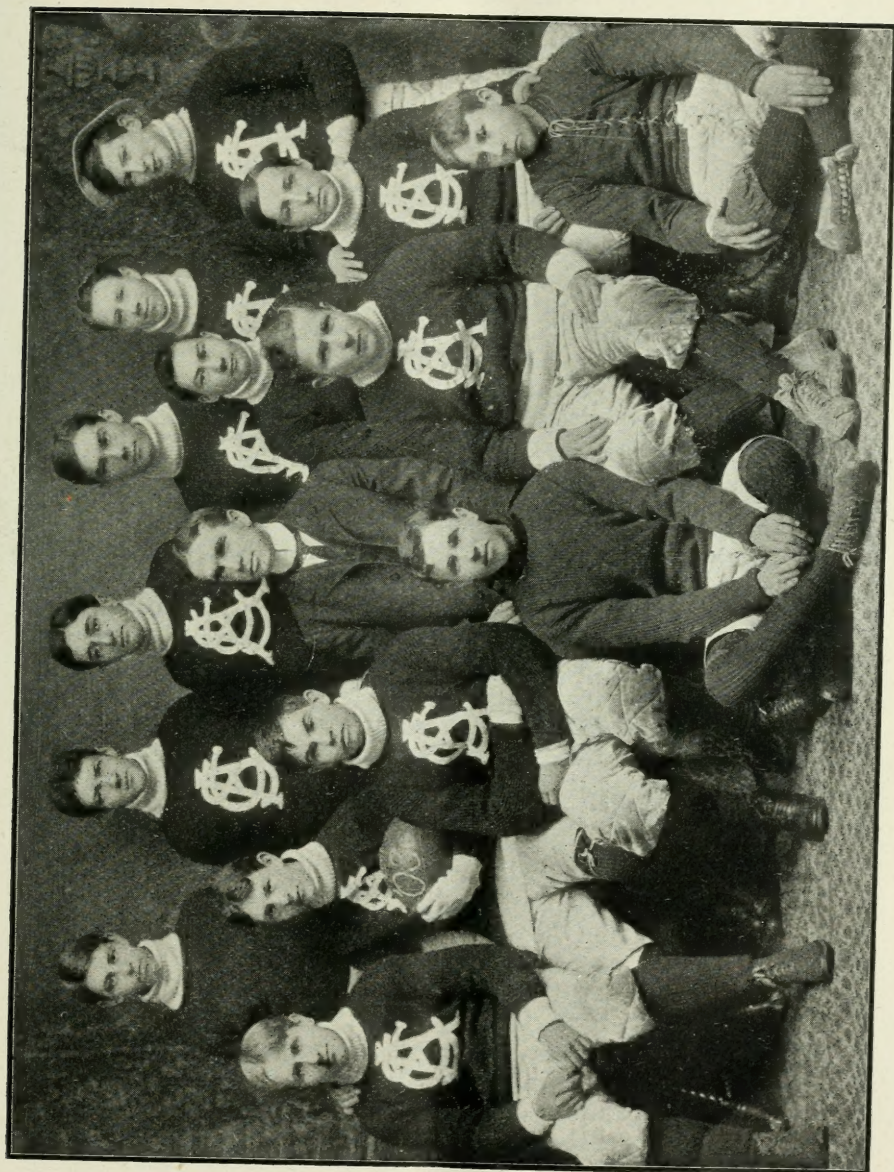
The three important fixtures of the season, around which everything else centres, are, of course, with Ridley College, Trinity College School, and Upper Canada College. The latter match will be our only home game. The championship of the "Big Four" is what we wish for and dream of. If it comes true this season, the year will be an outstanding and ever bright one all through our lives, and a good precedent for our future college sports.

N.M.K.

Cricket Fixtures for 1904.

We subjoin a list of the Cricket match arranged for the First Team for the coming season. Other games are being arranged, but the list already shows a number of very interesting matches.

- April 30. Grace Church at Rosedale.
- May 7. Canadian General Electric Co. at Rosedale.
- May 10. Trinity University at Trinity.
- May 14. St. Albans at Rosedale.
- May 21. St. Simons at Rosedale.
- May 28. Mimico Asylum at Mimico.
- June 2. Trinity College School, Port Hope, at Port Hope.
- June 4. Upper Canada College at Rosedale.
- June 8. Ridley College at Ridley.
- June 11. Old Boys at Rosedale.



S.A.C. SECOND FOOTBALL TEAM, 1903.

Miscellany.

The Literary Society.

Under the able Presidency of Mr. Walker, the Literary Society has had a very successful season. On one occasion a very successful programme was given by the Junior House. The Reading Contest was highly interesting, and took two evenings to decide. As a result of the preliminaries, Gooderham II., Haas II., and Coatsworth, were left of the Juniors, and Massey, Brechin, and Stonehouse of the Seniors. In the finals all did admirably. Superior age and experience brought Coatsworth victory in the Juniors, as the result of a very spirited reading of one of W. W. Jacob's stories, which quite carried away his audience. Of the Seniors, Massey was unfortunately ill. The judges—the Rev. John Neil, Mr. Grant and Mr. Beddow—found great difficulty in deciding between a speech from Stonehouse and a reading from Brechin, but finally decided in favour of the latter.

In the inter-form debate Form IV., represented by Massey and Allison, defeated Form V., (Chesnut I. and Nourse) Form III. A (Winans and Allen II.) defeated Form III. B (Donald and Milligan). The final debate took place on the evening of Wednesday, March 23rd, between III. A and III. B. The former were represented by Winans and Allen II., the latter by Alison and Stonehouse. The subject was "Resolved, That Capital Punishment should be abolished in Canada," Form IV. having the affirmative. After a spirited debate, the Judges, Messrs. Robinson, Green, and Fleming, awarded the decision to Form III. A., who thus, though the Junior Form in the competition, duplicated their victory of last year. We heartily congratulate the Form, and their representatives, on their success.

At the conclusion of the meeting, some of the members waylaid the President, and showed their appreciation of his efforts by carrying him to his room on their shoulders with loud and prolonged cheers.

A Day in My Life at S.A.C.

The present Junior House of this College is divided into three dormitories and two school rooms for the boys of the junior and senior preparatory classes. The preparatory forms have an attendance of twenty-five pupils, of whom two-fifths are in the junior class.

The bedrooms are of different sizes, one containing ten beds, of which nine are occupied. The other two hold respectively

three and four beds, of which all are occupied. There are two masters whose rooms are near by the boys' dormitories, so that the latter are under good discipline, and there is very little, if any, talking after lights are out. The boys of the Junior House range from fourteen years down, the youngest being only eight.

Getting up is the first thing of the day, and most of us wish that it was a little later, so that we could lie in bed for a while longer and have a little more rest before time to get up. The first thing you hear is a loud thump on the door, followed by "Time to get up, boys," and, "Jump out of bed." After this there is half an hour for toilet and dressing. The breakfast bell is then rung, and if the boys are not down to the dining-room in time they get lines, or if they are Juniors, they have to stand in the corner with their faces to the wall. On this particular morning every one was down in time except a boy nicknamed Dope, who, when he came down, was greeted with a hearty "Late as usual," and other encouraging exclamations.

We then got down to breakfast, which consisted of porridge, liver, bacon, bread, butter, fried potatoes, tea, or milk, whichever met with the individual's taste. Some of the larger boys told the smaller ones to speak French and one said, "Passez du birds," instead of "Passez du beurre," and such things as that, usually mixing the English in with the French.

Breakfast now being finished we got up, and the master said grace, after which we all went out, except the Scott's Emulsion Squad, which consists of six boys who have to take the much dreaded medicine, which they think is as bad as salts and seidlitz powders, which the boys have to take when they are ill. If you asked them to write the name of this medicine I do believe they would not even spell Scott's with a capital letter. Some boys take it in water so that there will be no taste to it.

They then sally out into the schoolroom to have a quiet game of checkers, or to go out into the yard to play "allies" in the snow. At nine o'clock all the boys of the school go into prayers, and from these they go to their respective classrooms. Then come lessons. After the first period the boys all throw darts, which go about the room and are all over the floor by the time that the master comes in, and all the boys that have darts under their desks get lines for it, and have to pick them up and throw them in the basket. After three periods comes recess, with its various amusements.

Then come three more half hours of work, after which it is dinner, which consisted on the day I am writing about of soup, biscuits, steak, peas, potatoes and four or five strawberry pies, of which some favoured ones got three pieces that were devoured

with great alacrity, and I think that if two more were put on the table they would also be gone in a very short space of time, but these pies never came, and it was only a vain hope of getting any more that day.

After dinner comes school again for an hour and a half, this being very much the same as morning school. This is then followed by an hour's detention or drill, whichever the person had given to him. Then comes hockey, at which game the Junior House have a very distinguished team. The boys of our House usually practice from four to five on Wednesdays, but they often get out at the hours of the other teams.

The boys then went back to the school and we had a meal of real German weiners, bread, butter, tea and jelly. After tea we went over to the Main School to give in and take out books from the library. One boy named Ten o'Clock Whistling Willie had to pay the exceedingly heavy fine of one cent. Then came study hour, after which the small boys had a show, with the Junior preparatory form as a stage and the senior form for the audience. After this little show the boys went to bed, and the lights were put out at nine o'clock.

The room of the master on duty being next to ours, we made no noise and went quietly off to sleep to dream of the past two weeks, and of the great Easter holidays of the near future.

A JUNIOR HOUSE BOY.

A Walk Down Rosedale Ravine Drive.

It was an ideal October afternoon, so another boy and I thought we would make the most of it by taking a walk.

We struck out down Rosedale Ravine Drive and soon left street cars and the noise of the city behind.

Rising on either side of us were tall trees, their many colored leaves making a picture which no artist could paint—none except nature herself.

We continued on our way, passing under several bridges, until we came to the site of Bloor's brewery. My friend didn't like the sight nor did he like being told that a brewery had been there but had gone. It was tantalizing.

Resuming our walk we saw some girls down the road photographing a little wooden bridge. My friend suggested that we quicken our pace so that we might make the picture attractive by having our visages in it. We were too late, and they wouldn't take another picture of that bridge even if we did

stand there. Oh, no! But they wouldn't mind taking a picture of an old stump. That's a different thing altogether. It struck us as rather strange. I advanced the theory that either those girls had no ideas of beauty or else ours were rather faulty. This is a subject which requires long and well directed study. Realizing this we left it and incidentally the bridge—arriving soon at the site of John Scadding's saw mill. Quite near by we saw a gentleman painting. Our curiosity got the better of us and we turned from the road to see the scene on the canvas. We pronounced it good, and then started up the "Old road used by Gov. Simcoe to his summer residence, Castle Frank."

I think these sign boards marking historical spots are a good idea and should be encouraged. They tend to make us all more interested in the history of our country.

As we climbed the road we noticed little of interest except that it was in a very bad state of repair, and to drive up it now would be to tempt Providence.

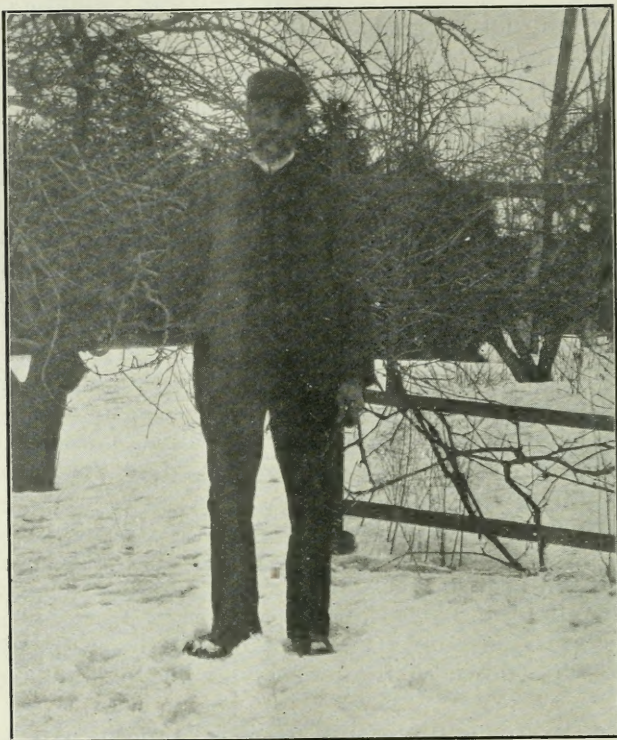
The view from the top of the hill to the right of the road is well worth the expenditure of energy getting there. It was what one might call a panoramic view. Across the river lay Todmorden and the Swiss Cottage. Up river we could see the the brick yard, the smoke curling up lazily from the kilns and chimneys, while down in front of us lay the old belt-line railway.

As we stood here discussing the place's merits as a vantage point in time of war, we noticed a couple coming down the track. The lady was walking on one of the rails while the gentleman held her hand, just to steady her, of course. A poor excuse is better than none.

We didn't want to disturb this couple—you know how it is yourself—so we left our rather prominent position and struck inland. But what a contrast. The first thing we noticed was a gravestone. We read the inscriptions on most of them. One was rather queer. It was so worded that it was ambiguous. But let us not trifle with it.

An old vault next claimed our attention. My friend kicked the massive iron door. While we were discussing if it sounded like bones rattling or swords clanging, we noticed that it was growing dusk very quickly. Through the trees we could see the Necropolis—a city of the dead—and here we were standing alongside a vault and more dead. We stood there a moment, the horrible silence being broken only by the falling leaves. It was gruesome. I suggested that we hurry home, and we did so.

A. E. NOURSE, (Form V.)



"JOHN."

"John."

Every boy and man who has spent a day in St. Andrew's College knows John Crowley. If the bell gets out of order, if a door has to be mended, if a pussy cat crawls under the floor and dies, if the rink needs flooding, or if the walls of the Second House crack and bulge with the weight of learning which they enclose, we send for "John." And we know by long experience that he always comes at once, and does his work promptly, speedily and cheerily.

"I was born at Bandon, in Ireland," he explained to our reporter. "It's a town in the South, hard by Cork, and a mighty fine town too. A good Protestant town moreover. I came to this country eighteen years ago, and I have lived at Chestnut Park ever since. A fine man was Sir David MacPherson, and a good master. It's little I care to think of the old place being broken up. Oh, yes, I'll be up at the new school, but I'm thinking it will not be a new school long unless they keep the boys in better order. Hardly have I cleaned the porch before they fill it with their snowballs. They keep me busy all the time with their pranks and their capers."

But in spite of their tendency to break things, John is a true friend to

the boys. We could spare any of the Staff except the Principal, and miss him less. May he live for many years at the new school, and may his shadow never grow less !

The Return Voyage.

What a great ship she looked as we walked down the landing-stage at Liverpool ! What power and beauty she shewed all the way from bowsprit to stern, and from masthead to keel !

Once up the gangway and past the small knot of officers at the bulwark, I watched the great incoming streams of passengers. What a motley throng it was ! The tired homeward bound tourist family was there, and the alert business man on important errands, the triumph-expecting theatrical troupe, the experienced traveller taking things as they come, the man of state on an international diplomatic mission, the determined-looking young man in search of new-world fortunes, the leisured English nobleman travelling for pleasure, or the young peer out a-seeking heirresses, "don't you know." And then there was another inflow at the second cabin gangway, and still another and greater one at the steerage end,—a throng made up of hopeful and expectant emigrants, some to be disappointed, others to prosper. So indeed a diversified multitude was filling the great vessel.

At last the call,—“All those not going, ashore !” is heard, and shortly after the gangways are shifted, the whistle blows, the great hulk slowly recedes from the land, and we are off.

The sail down the Mersey and through the Channel to Queenstown is pretty, and Queenstown is very attractive. The proper thing to do here is to go ashore with the mail tender, which enables one to step on real Irish soil and have a taste of jaunting-car for a few minutes before the tender returns to the steamer.

And then after thousands of bags of European mail are safely stowed away in the hold, we steam out of the harbor, while perchance a man-of-war flits across our bows. And then off the bleak Irish coast, with its grim-looking ruins adorning the rugged cliffs, past the famous lighthouse on the Fastnet, and out into the boundless deep.

Now the inevitable roll or pitch commences ; and many have had their last meal for a week, and have prudently and unostentatiously retired to the welcome seclusion of their cabins. There are, they say, only three stages of sea-sickness. In the first stage the victim is afraid that he will die ; in the second he cares not whether he dies ; and in the last he wants to die.

There is a charm about the life on shipboard which can be found nowhere else. To begin with, formality is practically left at the harbor mouth, and anybody is, by an unwritten law, at liberty to speak to anyone else without the unseemly nuisance of an introduction. And then there is the delightful routine of the day, which is something like this: At eight o'clock the first bugle is blown in the companion-way, and you will either have your breakfast in the dining saloon or in your cabin, which oftentime depends upon how much the ship has tossed about in the night. However, you are soon on deck with an interesting book from the library, and you think you will read for a while in your deck chair. But soon Miss Blank appears and starts to settle down in her chair, which is only second from yours. You immediately arise and help Miss Blank to get her rugs and pillows adjusted. And after you have looked up each others names in the passenger list and asked the stewards the particulars, you are old friends.

After a while, perhaps, you go down to the next deck and have a game of deck-cricket—a rather cramped though exciting substitute for the real game.

Not long before noon a gentleman will come along and will ask you if you won't put your name in the pool of the day. Be it known that the pool is a combination of gentlemen—there is also a ladies' pool—formed to bet (no, let us say wager) on the number of knots the good ship has made in twenty-four hours. Each one in the pool subscribes a shilling, and the gentleman whose wager is most successful is a fortunate gentleman indeed, for he gets his own back and all the others besides. Well, we will say that you put in your bob and went on with the match.

At noon the whistle blows, proclaiming that the log is being taken, and an officer may then be seen on the bridge with a sextant, determining in some mysterious, mathematical way our exact position on the planet. Then the companion-way is crowded with excited passengers examining the chart; some on account of harmless guesses and others because of more harmful bets—especially harmful if you lose.

Soon the luncheon bugle blows, and the sea air causes a speedy descent to the saloon. The only fault to find with the three meals on board ship, is that there are not six or eight.

In the afternoon perhaps you promenade the deck, or watch some whales, or visit the engines it may be. This last is a rare opportunity. You are shown the great pistons, the throb of which you grow so accustomed to; you are taken down the shaft-alley, where the huge shafts revolve that drive the screws, and perhaps you are allowed to peep into the stoke-hold where

men, stripped to the waist, are working like fiends feeding the fiery monsters. In fact, the place with its frightful temperature, the glare from the furnaces and the fire-lit figures, seems more like an inferno or Hades than anything to be compared to it.

After dinner perhaps you stand by the rail and watch the phosphorus in the water and listen to the sound of the waves as the pitching of the bow throws them out, or watch the lights of a distant liner.

Tennyson beautifully describes this night scene :

I hear the noise about thy keel ;
I hear the bell struck in the night ;
I see the cabin window bright ;
I see the sailor at the wheel.

Such is the daily routine of life aboard, which is unbroken, except by the Sunday service and the concert, at which the talent is apt to be remarkable.

This voyage is no longer a typical Atlantic crossing, but a particular voyage whose memory will linger long in the minds of the people of two continents, and especially the hundreds who were waiting at New York for friends from the old land. A cruel rumor had been set afloat that the ship had gone down in mid-ocean with all on board.

Late in the afternoon we entered the harbor and steamed majestically up the bay past the Statue of Liberty, past myriads of steam tugs, great ocean greyhounds, gleaming ferry boats; past the enormous, ungainly buildings of lower New York, and at last slowed up by the White Star pier. Then puny tugs came to the rescue of the now helpless liner, and straining every valve they gradually pulled round our stern, and slowly the great vessel floated into the slip. It was a dramatic scene. The harbor was full of myriad craft of all kinds with their twinkling lights; a smoky pink afterglow still remained in the western sky, and the whistles of welcome from the many boats resounded again and again. The two floors of the pier were thronged with eager, excited crowds, who had thought until a few hours before that they had seen their friends on this earth for the last time. No wonder that their pent-up feelings burst forth into cheer after cheer as the gangways were swung; no wonder that the ways were blocked by the eager crowds, and that after days of anxiety the people lost their self-control when the "Cedric" at last came in.

C. VINCENT MASSEY,
(Form IV.)

Street Car Advertisements.

I need not ask how many of you have ever seen and read a street car ad. Probably if you asked a farmer lad the question, he would look at you in astonishment and say, "Wall, I be gosh durned ef I ever heard of such a thing as an 'ad,' but I hev heared of dad tell how he put his satchel on the fender of a street car onct when he was down to the city." But I am starting to drift from my subject and must come back to the subject of my composition.

Street cars have come to be the best of advertisements. I don't mean street cars, but the ads. you have all seen in them.

Fifty years ago who would have thought of using nursery rhymes as a mode of advertising. Yet to-day we have some very clever nursery rhymes advertising "Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup."

Among the first to resort to this rhymed advertising was the Sapolio Company with their Spotless Town ads. One which I think is the cleverest of theirs went like this :

" Good for the Spotter of Spotless Town,
He spotted a spot on the butcher's gown.
'Twould not be meet for justice sake
To roast the butcher at the stake.
And so behind the bars he'll go!
Bars of what?" "SAPOLIO."

These advertisements were very successful, and soon following these the Street Car Company put one in of their own which, though probably not so clever, no doubt paid just as well. This was it, "Advertise in the street cars. Before the eyes of half the people day and night." This must have paid too because soon more companies advertised by means of the rhymes. Breakfast cereals began to become fashionable and their ads. the most numerous. Force with their "Sunny Jim," Pettijohn's wheat, and Tillson's pan-dried oats "A food, not a fad" Quaker oats have some very clever ones, two of which I will quote. The first one is this :

" See dear old Grandma, how she dotes,
Upon her breakfast "Quaker Oats,"
The spreading smile her joy denotes,
The smile that won't come off.

The second in this manner :

" Oho," said Willie, with a smile,
" This Quaker Oats is just my style."
He ate it wearing all the while
The smile that won't come off.

In this way showing how from the youngest to the oldest Quaker Oats may be enjoyed at all ages.

Also the "Tramp's smile."

"Hard Luck" can scarce believe his eyes,
Real "Quaker Oats," a great surprise,
Behold his smile of goodly size,
The smile that won't come off.

The "Workman's smile."

The Workman says, "The Boss, you bet,
A better Breakfast cannot get."
Behold his smile, he's smiling yet,
The smile that won't come off.

These illustrate two other extremes, and are some of the best. Beside these we have Adams' furniture ads., "Sweetheart and Swain," and last, but not least, in fact I think the most clever of all, "The Lackawanna Railway," which takes Miss Snow, of Buffalo, for a trip on the road of Anthracite, in which she is quite overcome by the luxuries provided on this road. "Linen white" which is indeed a luxury, and polite employees, which is, if possible, a still greater luxury on a train. One of these should appeal to ladies liking to appear neat, wherever they may be. It might not interest you, but I see no reason why it should not be quoted.

"When nearly there,
Her only care
Is but to smooth her auburn hair.
Her smile is bright
Her dress still white
Upon the road of Anthracite."

And another that would appeal to the farmer's wife laden down with band-boxes and parcels.

The man in blue
Now shows her through
And tells her when her train is due,
They're all polite
Both day and night
Upon the road of Anthracite.

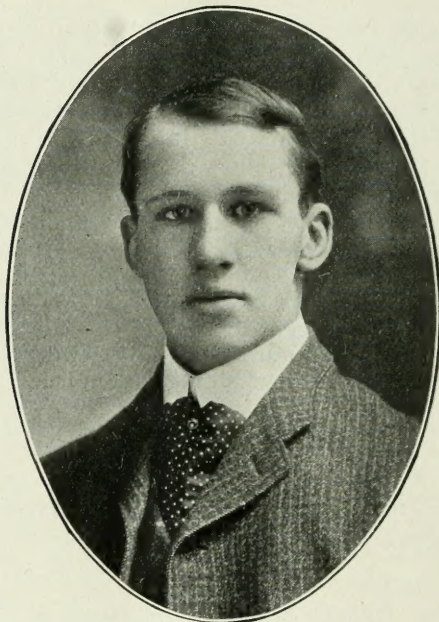
In this way I might write twice as much as I have already, but I think I have tired you as it is and I can find no better way to close than to quote the author of the popular book, "Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son." The old man has written to his son and in telling him to get as much common sense out of College as possible, related the following:—"Clarence," he said, "had spent most of his life in College; had studied Greek and Latin and other classical studies until his head was filled

with stuff that left no room for common sense. He went into business but was no good. He couldn't write a decent street car ad. to save his life."

D. MCCREA, (Form III. B.)

Old Boys.

J. L. Fergusson.



J. L. FERGUSSON.

James Leslie Fergusson, unanimously elected President of the S.A.C. Old Boys' Association, is a Toronto boy, having been born in Toronto on January 9th, 1884. He entered S.A.C. on the day upon which it opened. He is perhaps best known for his prowess in athletics. In his first year he played upon, and helped to organize, the teams in Football, Hockey, and Cricket. In his second year he won like honors, and would have done so in his third year but that he left the college at Easter. He took a prominent part in the Literary Society, of which in 1901-2 he was Second Vice-President. In the school he rose to the rank of Prefect, and was much trusted by the Principal. He intends to pursue a business career, and is at present employed in the office of his father, Tower Fergusson & Blaikie, stock brokers.

The St. Andrew's College Old Boys.

On the evening of February 11th last, all the Old Boys were invited to meet at the College for the purpose of organizing an Old Boys' Society. This was brought about chiefly by the efforts of a few energetic old boys who felt that the time was ripe for forming such an association, and who after consulting Mr. Macdonald received his full approval of the plan.

There were between thirty and forty old boys present at the meeting, who unanimously approved of the formation of an Old Boys' Association. Mr. Macdonald in a short address explained more fully the objects and aims which the Association ought to have in view, and assured the boys that although they were no longer pupils of St. Andrew's College, yet the interest which he felt in them individually and as an association was none the less on that account. The boys then proceeded to the election of officers for the coming year.

The following officers were elected :—Honorary President, Rev. D. B. Macdonald ; President, J. L. Fergusson ; 1st Vice-President, H. G. Smith ; 2nd Vice-President, W. J. Lea ; Secy.-Treas, H. B. Housser ; " REVIEW " Representative, H. G. Langlois. Committee :—R. B. Thompson, E. T. Cousins, P. Gillespie, R. W. MacIntyre.

After the transaction of business the meeting adjourned to the parlor where the hearts of all were gladdened by the sight of a liberal supply of ice cream and cake, to which all did ample justice. Short speeches were required of the newly-elected officers and many letters were read from old boys out of town, all of whom heartily approved of the Association, and only regretted their inability to attend the meeting.

The Old Boys' Dinner.

The first annual dinner of the St. Andrew's College Old Boys' Association was held at Webb's on the evening of March 4th. The committee had done their best to make the dinner a success and succeeded so well in their efforts that there was an attendance at the dinner of about forty boys. A hearty dinner was soon disposed of, the courses being interspersed with the hearty rendering of certain favorite college and popular songs, by the whole assembly. Chief among the favorites was that song of reminiscent strain " In those Days of Old." As becomes all loyal subjects the first toast was

"The King." Mr. J. L. Fergusson proposed this toast and in reply the National Anthem was sung. Mr. H. G. Smith then proposed "Our Country." Our only guest present, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, responded to this toast in an appropriate and able speech in which he astonished his hearers by giving incidents of Canada's wonderful growth, which had come under his personal observation, and closed by reminding the boys of their duty to their country, their college and themselves. The toast to "The College" was proposed by Mr. H. B. Housser and responded to by the Principal, who complimented the Old Boys upon their adherence to the good principles they had learned at the College and urged them to continue true to the name they had won. Mr. D. Nasmith proposed the toast "The Staff," to which Mr. Robinson responded by an able speech, which Mr. Findlay seconded by a short oration in lighter vein. The next was to the "Present Boys," proposed by Mr. W. J. Lea (with tender reference to the cow), and responded to by Mr. R. Saunders, E. Thorne and J. Sale. The last toast was to "The Association." Mr. Macdonald proposed this toast, and Mr. J. L. Fergusson, R. W. McIntyre and others responded.

This brought the dinner to an end, and after a hearty College yell, which must have alarmed the whole neighborhood, the guests departed in happy mood to sleep off the effects of the first dinner of the St. Andrew's College Old Boys Association.

It may be interesting to note the number of former St. Andrew's boys in attendance at the various universities of the Dominion. The list will compare favorably with that of any other similar college in Ontario or in Canada for that matter.

TORONTO UNIVERSITY—Arts, G. Anderson, H. G. Smith, P. Gillespie, H. G. Langlois; Science, H. B. Housser, C. Hertzberg; Medical, R. W. McIntyre.

R.M.C.—B. Hall.

MCGILL UNIVERSITY—C. Cantley.

As Others See Us.

OWED TO P. D. S.

(By the Corner Dormitory.)

From Penetang came P. D. Spohn,
His coat was green and his hair was long ;
With a carpet bag beneath his arm,
Came P. D. Spohn from off the farm.

Before he came to Toronto,
His eye was trained to use the hoe ;
But now let higher passions rule,
Since P. D. S. has come to school.

A handsome boy with a mighty sway,
Is " Peter Spohn," " brought up on hay ;"
Although he is by no means thin,
The boys all call him " Sunny Jim."

At breakfast P. D. was, of course,
The first to bring a box of " Force " ;
But someone stole that " Force " away,
And " Sunny Jim " is back on " hay."

Last number Spohn put in the " skits,"
That made the School go into fits ;
So now we're square. P. D., don't mind,
But leave all vengeful thoughts behind.

A lady getting out of a crowded car said : " Oh, what a relief to get out of that car ! I have been standing on one foot all the time." Then one of the younger members of S.A.C. said, " And that one foot was mine."

" Hi, there ! you at the end of the line," cried Sergt. MacMahon, " Can't you see you are not behind the boy in front of you ?"

In Arithmetic Class. 3 B :

Master—" Donald, did you rattle that bench ?"

Donald—" Sir, show me how to do a question ?"

The Drill Master must be a base ball player judging from the way he " bats " the children.

The masters are getting quite familiar. One in study was heard to say, " Hurry up, ' Ikey,' take your seat."

There is a master in the School,
 His name I will not mention ;
 But if you disobey the rule,
 It's take your History in Detention.

Master—"How much does two and two make?"

Pupil—"Six."

Master—"You're wrong, two and two make four."

Pupil—"Oh ! I know, but I thought you might beat me down a bit."

Walter Stout is a nice young man,
 Built on the girling plan ;
 He's fond of light books, but more of his looks,
 Is this very sporty young man.

Carver—"You needn't think that because you are a gentleman, I am."

Bell was heard to say to Warden the other morning,
 "Cheer up, Lyle, here come the Westbourne line."

Most boys don't have a ladies college come up to meet them like "Dope" did a few days ago.

Heard in the History Class :—

"Mortimer, go and stand in the waste-paper basket."
 Twenty minutes later. "Now you can come out of your box seat, Mortimer."

When "Doodle" Cotton heard that he would be allowed to ask only one young lady friend to our last College dance he became greatly agitated until his little brother showed him a way out of his difficulties. The result was that Douglas put down the names of twelve of his favorites and applied the old system of "Eeny, meeny, miney, mo."

Tew—"Bicknell, which is the fastest, heat or cold?"

Bicknell—"Heat."

Tew—"Why?"

Bicknell—"Well, you can catch cold, can't you?"

The antics of "Edna" May while playing ping-pong remind us of a farmer's horse the first time it is driven on Yonge Street.

Crossen may be able to build cars, but he can't play ping-pong.

"Hae da !!" Old Chris. is himself again.

